

Buried in Peonies

by Cap'n Neko Baka

Category: Skip Beat!

Genre: Mystery, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Kyoko M., Reino, Ren, Shoutaro

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 14:16:39

Updated: 2016-04-09 14:16:39

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:15:09

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 749

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: One violent accident leaves Ren & Kyoko injured in the most terrible way: lost memories. With a forgotten Fairy Prince, a dangerously twisted opportunity arises. Who'll pick up the pieces of a tattered blonde prince charming? Was it even an accident, or an orchestration to steal her forever? Why is she so special? Rated M: Violence, Language, Adult themes, disturbing situations.

Buried in Peonies

Prologue

Smooth lids fell over glassy green eyes, as his slender fingers found their home upon the black and white keys. Smoke spiraled into the air surrounding him as he inhaled the poison from a thin, white stick stuck between his soft lips. Tilting his head back, he drowned himself in the images of her face. A smile of perfection with a mouth painted in pink immediately struck him, causing his heart to skip a beat. The music of her sweet laughter resonated in his ears, as the intoxicating scent of her floral tresses engulfed his every sense. One, two, three his fingers danced across the ivory dancefloor, finding a rhythm to the longing that had begun to bloom deep within him.

It was a gorgeous Spring day, with grass to match the vibrancy of his gaze and a breeze as sensuous as her touch. She ran from him, a portrait of joy accompanied her innocent complexion. Giving chase, he sought the woman he had dreamt of for years, following her like a moth to a flame, drugged and hypnotized by her mere presence. Through a maze of trees and amidst a bouquet of butterflies, he sought his beloved. When he finally grasped her, he smiled at how comfortably her slim form fit against him. Brushing his lips along her nape, he inhaled the breath of happiness and basked in a love so serene, he felt it consuming him.

As the fire burned further down the stick, so did the harsh memories

of his reality. The edges of his bliss began to burn and curl, the ashes blowing away to reveal what he could not face. The passion emanating from the piano started to cry. Elegant and harsh, she sang, fueled with yearning and grief, the sounds opened an ode to his broken dreamsâ€|

Opening his eyes, he found everything in a dark and twisted haze. Smoke filled the scene like a fog, piles of flaming metal and flesh surrounded them. Placing his palms on the damp asphalt, he pushed up into a staggering stance. Realization sunk into his mind, causing him to spin in a panic. Large eyes scanned the scene for any signs of her. Stepping about, here and there, looking upon the other cars, the many people strewn about like ragdolls covered in blood and soot, his heart thrummed with dread. "Noâ€|" he mouthed as he explored again like a madman. But no matter how much he searched and searchedâ€| she was nowhere to be seen. "NO!" He shouted, running around in his brewing fright. Suddenly, all of his energy left his body like a ghost. Falling to his knees, he dug his fingers into his head desperate to hold on to his fleeting sanity. "No, Godâ€| This can't be happeningâ€|" he mumbled.

As his world began to cave in, he caught a glimpse of luster. Jerking his head up, he saw it. The glow of the fire flickering off her brightly auburn hair. Every instinct inside of him came to life as he stumbled to his feet and bolted towards her. A simple twenty feet felt like a million as he continued to look upon her unmoving body. Reaching her, his knees crumbled sending him skidding on skin until he was beside her. Ignoring the searing agony in his legs, he slipped his hands beneath her and pulled her into his lap. Beautifully shining splatter of blood covered most of her face. Dark-lashed lids veiled her ochre eyes. Pale, parted lips revealed scarlet teeth as more thick liquid fell down from her temples. Clinging to her, he pressed his face against hers and screamed her name until he could scream no moreâ€|

The piano came to a startling halt, trembling fingers hanging above her exquisite keys in fear and fury. Dropping his head to his chest, the young man cried softly. Little beads of liquid escaped their confines, rolling down a scruffy complexion. Lifting his hand, he inhaled deeply and then pried the cig from his mouth, whispering: "Goddamn youâ€| God-fucking-damn youâ€|"

* * *

><p>This is the prologue to a story that I have been wanting to write for a long time. It will be dark and twisted, and quite a bit of an emotional roller coaster ride. It may start off slow as I get the foundation for everything going. So, please be patient with me. Thank you for taking the time to read this. :) I will update again soon. Happy reading.

End
file.